

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Hon. J. D. Lee is at Salem. Frank Pike of Moro is in the city. Mr. Ray Davis, of Fossil, is in the city. The county jail has only two inmates. Mr. C. J. Bright, an attorney of Wasco, is in the city on business. Mr. C. S. Miller, of Fossil, is in the city and gave us a pleasant call Monday. A new post office in Ohio is called Sodom. Oh, Gomorrah! what a name. E. C. Smith, of Lyle, Klickitat county, paid the Chronicle a pleasant visit Saturday. Up at Baker City they have just had six inches of snow and everybody is sleigh riding.

A new company of state militia, will be organized at Hood River next week and will be connected with the Third regiment.

B. S. Huntington, Esq., was chosen to represent The Dalles board of trade in the waterway convention which meets at Walla Walla on the 6th prox.

When a silver dollar is only worth eighty cents in gold, has silver depreciated or gold increased in value?

F. M. O'Holston, the pension forger, was sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for a period of ten years.

The land office has received no orders to accept filings on forfeited lands yet. What causes the delay is not known.

Hon. Robert Mays and J. G. Farley, Esq., returned from Salem this morning where they have been for the past week.

When the painters get through with the outside of the court house it will be improved fifty per cent in appearance.

The ground is being cleared off for a new building on the corner of the old mill property opposite Skibbe's block.

Mr. C. E. Haight who has been attending the U. S. District Court in Portland as juror, returned this morning to remain for a few days.

Mr. George Krauss laid on our table pea vines that are one foot in height, having grown out doors without protection from the elements.

The wife of Representative E. O. McCoy presented him with a fine boy next night. A letter from the home at Grant's says that the mother and child are doing well.

The public schools under the management of Professor Smith with his splendid corps of eleven teachers, are running in fine style, and the work being done in the several branches is of great merit and is appreciated by the patrons.

Mr. A. S. Macallister returned from Salem this morning, he reports everything in good shape at the capitol and that Eastern Oregon's interests are closely looked after.

Rumor has it that a new time card will be out in a few days, and that another passenger train will be put on the line. How about the steamer Baker that is tied up an account of ice?

Company C, Third regiment, O. N. G. is in a very prosperous condition. Within the last month 37 members have been added to the roll, and at the last drill meeting thirty responded to roll call. This bids fair to be the crack company of the regiment.

Messrs. Gibbons, McAllister & Co. have sold an unusual number of plows this season. The warm spring like weather that has prevailed all winter has given our farmers an opportunity to carry on their accustomed vocation without any interruption from the cold.

Mr. J. W. Gilman, of Fossil, manager of the Gilman-French Land & Live Stock Co. is in the city en route to Portland with seven car loads of beef in excellent condition. This speaks volumes for Eastern Oregon grass-fed beef in mid winter.

The Chronicle goes to press every afternoon at 4 o'clock and the big Colwell steam press is in operation until nearly 11. Our friends of the public generally are invited to drop in and witness the printing of the paper. The lath string is always out and all are welcome.

We have been accused at times for the past year of writing a certain series of articles for one of the Goldenstate papers. We wish to say once for all that we have never written a line for any Goldenstate paper since we quit the Tribune. We had a sufficiency on that long-felt want, to last anyone, not an utter swine, a lifetime.

A California syndicate has been formed for the purpose of booming Pasco. The company has purchased a large body of land adjoining the city and will expand a large sum in advertising and working up the scheme. One argument used in the enterprise will be the opening of the river to navigation that Pasco will be the head of steamboat traffic.

A prominent physician and old army surgeon in eastern Iowa, was called away from home for a few days; during his absence one of the children contracted a severe cold and his wife bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for it. They were so much pleased with the remedy that they afterwards used several bottles at various times. He said, from his experience with it, he regarded it as the most reliable preparation in use for colds and that it was the nearest being a specific of any medicine he had ever seen. For sale by Snipes & Kinsley.

Mrs. Mary Quinby and child, purporting to have come from Tacoma, where she has been living for some time, called on our county judge for assistance to enable her to reach Huntington where she has relations. Upon ascertaining that it was necessary to make a formal application at the county clerk's office for aid she repaired to that functionary and made the required affidavit and the sheriff was authorized to provide hotel favors and transportation to her friends which was done and she went on her way rejoicing.

The trial of Stone and Hyde in the United States Circuit court seems to have been lost sight of entirely. We see by the published docket that the city members of the Washington and New York Land company languish in jail, unable to get a trial. It is a matter of considerable interest, as there are one or two others that we know of who are in the same boat as Stone, and if he is guilty there will be other work for the marshal.

FORFEITED RAILROAD LAND.

Register Apperson, of the land office at Oregon City, has received some further instructions from the general land office of the United States in regard to the forfeited lands of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The portion of the land established under the grant to the Oregon & California Company is the land lying south of the base line, Willamette meridian, from section 7 south and east of the road, to the end of the thirty-mile limit, to where it crosses the land of the Northern Pacific grant. This land lies in the belt of country bounded by the base line, the Oregon & California track, to a point near Silverton, and thence east to the end of the limit. Most of the land in this section is now settled upon, but many pieces of it are valuable and are unoccupied, settlers thinking it belonged to the railroad companies. The diagram referred to in the commissioner's letter can be seen by parties interested upon application at the land office at Oregon City.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, GENERAL LAND OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1891. Register Apperson, Oregon City, Oregon.—Sir: By an act of congress approved September 29, 1890, the grant by act of July 2, 1864, for that portion of the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad lying between Wallula, Washington and Portland, Oregon, was declared forfeited, the same having been unconstructed at that date, and the lands within the limits of the withdrawal therefor, which took effect August 3, 1870, were, under the terms of the act, resumed and restored to the public domain, with the following exceptions: The lands lying within the limits of the company's grant by resolution of May 31, 1870, the road under which has been constructed, and the rights of way and riparian rights in the lands described in section 5 of the act, as having been attempted to be conveyed to the city of Portland by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and the Central Trust Company, of New York, by deed of conveyance dated August 8, 1886, said rights having been confirmed to the city by act of section 5.

On the enclosed diagram the area included within the yellow lines, or limits, between Portland and the eastern boundary of your district, is the forfeited portion of the grant within your jurisdiction. The brown limit shown thereon is the limit of that portion of the grant by resolution of May 31, 1870, aforesaid, which was restored to the public domain by act of July 25, 1890, falls within the forfeited area, but this department has always held that, as the Northern Pacific was the party who withdrew the lands embraced within the legislative withdrawal thereunder were excluded from that to the Oregon & California company. It has been urged that as the Northern Pacific road never definitely located opposite these lands, they could not be treated as granted lands; but the secretary of the interior, on December 4, 1890, decided that the grant through that portion of the line. The restoration will not, therefore, be affected by the Oregon & California grant.

I also enclose, for your information and guidance, copies of the instructions under the forfeiture act, which were prepared with the approval of the secretary of the interior, and have to call your attention particularly to that portion thereof relating to the second section, and defining who are entitled to a second homestead entry under its provisions.

In order to carry the restoration into effect, you will, at once, cause to be published in your newspaper of general circulation in your district, a notice that the sections of land designated by odd numbers, lying within the forfeited limits laid down on the diagram aforesaid, have been restored to the public domain, and will be opened to entry upon a day fixed by you, not less than thirty days from the date of the notice, and that all persons who are desirous of securing a right of homestead on any of the restored lands, should apply to you for a certificate of preference rights of entry under the homestead law, to be exercised within six months after such approval.

The sections pending in this office, on appeal from your order rejecting them for the reason that the lands were not, at the time they were presented, subject to disposal, as well as applications for portions of the forfeited and restored lands. That the complications arising from the former practice of this office in suspending such applications may be adjusted, and that the provisions of the forfeiture act in relation to actual settlers may be executed, without delay, I have, with the approval of the honorable secretary of the interior, to direct that in the notice of restoration under the forfeiture, there be inserted a notice to prior applicants for such lands that their applications confer upon them no right, and that, upon the date set by you and stated in the notice, all the lands included in the forfeiture will be open to entry under the provisions of the forfeiture act, without regard to such applications, which shall be held to be rejected by said notice.

To the end, however, that all such applicants may have opportunity to present new applications under the forfeiture act, upon the restoration of the lands to entry, you will at once notify all parties shown by your records to have pending application for such lands of the rejection thereof and of the restoration.

It is presumed your records will show all such applications, but if not, do not delay to do so, you will so advise this office that a list may be prepared for your information. You will promptly forward a copy of the newspaper containing the notice of restoration for the information of this office. The receiver, as disbursing officer, will pay the cost of the publication, and should forward a copy of the notice with the proof of publication in his voucher for the disbursement. Respectfully, W. M. STONE, Acting Commissioner.

For a lame back, a pain in the side or chest, or for tooth-ache or ear-ache, Chamberlain's Pain Balm is reliable. For sale by Snipes & Kinsley.

Farmers throughout the county are very busy running their plow teams for all they can stand and the coming season promises to be a propitious one.

We are glad to learn Mr. J. L. Thompson who met with the accident of breaking his leg some days ago is improving nicely and will be around on crutches soon.

For a cut, bruise, burn or scald, there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It heals the parts more quickly than any other application, and unless the injury is very severe, no scar is left. For sale by Snipes & Kinsley.

A rumor has gone out that our wheat merchants will not buy wheat at any price, which we are informed is incorrect. They will buy all offered at the highest cash market quotations.

The question has been asked, "In what respect are St. Patrick's Pills better than any other?" They are, you will find that they produce a pleasant, cathartic effect, are more certain in their action, and they not only physic but cleanse the whole system and regulate the liver and bowels. For sale by Snipes & Kinsley.

SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

God never would send you the darkness of sleep if he thought you could bear the light. But you would not cling to His guiding hand if the way was always bright; And you would not care to walk by faith could you always walk by sight. So he sends you the blinding darkness and the darkness with a fervid heat. 'Tis the only way, believe me, To keep you close to his feet; For 'tis always so glad to wander When our lives are enmeshed about sweet.

There will be no need of questions, Nor of answers soft and low, For when both hearts are steady time, And the secret we both shall know. I shall hold her hand in a firm, strong clasp, I shall press her close to my heart; For all the long years of waiting are o'er, And we wander no more.

Control Your Temper. Ill temper is a symptom revealing an unloving nature at the bottom; it is the intermittent fever which speaks intermittent disease within. Temper cannot be changed but by a change of heart. Souls are sweetened, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting love in. It is better not to live than not to love.

Rain and Sunshine. A Christian may enjoy a calm and inward peace, while he sustains the storms of outward trouble. The former he may expect the latter; if he suffers the latter he may expect the former. There is no spring without its fall; no summer without its winter.

Thorough Repentance. Scriptural repentance is that deep and radical change, whereby a sinner turns from the idols of sin and self unto God, and devotes every movement of the inner and outer man to the captivity of his obedience.

Some Observations by a Bright Dalles Barber. It is singular but nevertheless true that a razor is a very good weather barometer. A reporter of the Chronicle dropped into one of the Dalles palatial shops yesterday and a bright barber remarked that he could tell by the action of his razor on the first morning customer about what the weather would be. During certain climatic changes it seems impossible to get a razor to do good work and the victim always complains that the instrument of torture "pulls," even if his hide is as thick as a newspaper man's should be. Before the particular knight of the razor goes to work in the morning as he comes down from the shop he glances up at the weather signal staff and if the blue flag is flying then he knows he will have an extra hard day's work, no matter how carefully he may hone his tools, but if the white flag is up then he knows his customers will smile and be good natured all the day through. Another thing about razors is that they will get "cranky" if they are used at times and nothing but a complete rest and laying them away for a while will do them any good. Surely there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy tells us.

The Oregonian Thinks his Energy will Fall him Through. The Oregonian, voicing the sentiment in Portland, has the following to say relative to the attachment suits against G. W. Hunt: "Friends of G. W. Hunt here say they are convinced that he has at last succeeded in getting arrangements made by which he will be able to float his bonds, and will soon return here with the money to build the road from here to Hunt's Junction. It is well known, so his friends say, that he has been opposed at every point by persons and corporations inimical to his scheme, especially the Northern Pacific. The fact that the Northern Pacific brought suit against him lately is looked upon by his friends here as evidence that he is about to carry out his scheme in spite of its opposition, and these attachment suits are the last trump the company has to play in the game against him. 'The Northern Pacific cannot carry its point by the means they are using,' said a friend of Hunt's yesterday. 'Hunt owes Wright and some of the Northern Pacific crowd some money, but they have stock for security, and they must realize on this stock before they can attach any of his property. They see that Hunt is getting away from them, and is going to float his bonds, and the beginning of those suits is an attempt to injure his prospects, just the way they started in New York some time ago for commissions. There was nothing in that, and the suit brought in this state and Washington will not have the effect intended. It is now almost a year since Hunt floated \$2,000,000 of his bonds here and started east to float the rest. He has stuck to his work with a perseverance that deserves success, and the people of Portland will rejoice to see his triumph.'

The Jury List. The following jurymen have been drawn to serve in the district court for the February term: A. C. Anderson, The Dalles. H. W. Tackman, " J. McEachern, " H. Harris, " E. M. Harveman, " O. W. Cook, " Frank Graves, Kingsley. Wm. Prizell, Cascade. Chas. Kiser, Hood River. W. J. Baker, " Pat Gordon, Kingsley. L. D. Crockett, Hood River. S. B. Fisher, Mosier. C. G. McCrete, Tygh Valley. C. A. Heath, Grass Valley. E. Frost, Dufur. Jas. Donaldson, Kingsley. Geo. W. Atwell, Cascade Locks. F. C. Section, Dufur. Mike Glavy, Dufur. Wm. E. Egan, Warmie. E. H. Guthrie, Grass Valley. A. W. Quinn, Dufur. A. M. Allen, The Dalles. Geo. W. Rowland, The Dalles. G. H. Crocker, Grass Valley. H. M. Boorman, Hood River. J. C. Baldwin, The Dalles. Charles W. Haight, Bake Oven.

Good Account of a Former Pastor. Nearly every one in The Dalles will recollect Rev. W. G. Simpson formerly pastor of the M. E. Church at this place, with his estimable wife he is now located in Elizabeth, New Jersey. This morning Mrs. Isaac Joles, and a number of other friends received a card, from Mr. Simpson announcing the birth of a boy at the parsonage in New Jersey. Their many friends here tender their congratulations.

Real Estate Transactions. The real estate transfers filed for record at the court house are light and are as follows: J. A. Parish and wife to John R. Harvey and wife, lot K, block 17 of Dalles Military reservation, consideration \$300. State of Oregon to Neal Vaneston, SE 1/4, sec. 16, R. 1 N. T. 12 E. 40 acres, consideration \$50.

IDEAL.

Somehow out in the great wide world I've thought you could bear the light. And I search through the endless throes of life For the face I at last shall see. My heart whispers low, "I shall find her," And I feel no inward strife. But calmly I wait for my own to come. For the fate of my strange love life.

I shall know her, my bonnie darling, By the soul like light in her eyes. For noblesse throned on the pure white brow, Where the grace of her beauty lies. There will be no need of questions, Nor of answers soft and low, For when both hearts are steady time, And the secret we both shall know. I shall hold her hand in a firm, strong clasp, I shall press her close to my heart; For all the long years of waiting are o'er, And we wander no more.

A CLOSE CALL. The firm of which I was the junior partner bought large quantities of wool. I usually made the purchases, and at times was obliged to travel far into the Sierra Nevadas, taking with me several thousand dollars upon each trip. To carry this sum I used a pair of saddle holsters with a receptacle for the money and a place for a pair of pistols. The latter were necessary; for much of my way lay amid the wild and rugged mountains far from the main highways. When I halted at the wayside hotels I was obliged to carry the money to the table with me and keep it in my room at night. For fear of the hotel places having any secure safes or vaults, I never money was not generally accepted by the owners of wool, so the greater part of the money was in gold. Two attempts had been made to rob me, and I had become wary and suspicious; yet the profits were very good so that I was unwilling to give up the trips.

One day I received a telegram that read: "Securo all the wool you can. It is sure to advance in price."

"That means a hard trip for me," I said, glancing at the yellow slip, "but the sooner I am off the more wool I can get." The telegram reached us at 5 in the afternoon. At 9 the next morning I was on the road and had nearly \$4,000 in gold coin.

For the first three days I gradually ascended the mountains, and by midday of the fourth I had reached the top. This did not mean a rapid descent upon the opposite slope, but a journey for several days over the ridges rising from this central plateau. Some of these were densely wooded with pine, spruce and fir, while others were more open and contained fine pastures for flocks and herds.

I was desirous of reaching one man, who kept his sheep during the summer upon a high and rugged range some miles from my usual route. I halted for dinner at a small public house lately built to accommodate teamsters engaged in hauling lumber from a new sawmill. The surroundings were not inviting, but I was accustomed to the poorest accommodations while upon these mountain trips. While a half breed Indian was caring for my horse I inquired of the landlord if he could direct me to Rucker's sheep camp.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it's a hard place to find," at the same time giving me the directions as nearly as possible.

I shook my head as he ended, saying: "I could never find the place in a year's time. Is there one here acquainted with the route who can go with me?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said: "There's Bill, the half breed; he knows the trail as well as old Rucker himself. I reckon you can get Bill to go."

"I will go," he answered. "You pay me \$2, and I take my horse and go," was the brief but satisfactory reply.

The required sum was promised, and he at once prepared to accompany me. The money dinner was eaten we set off. Instead of being enlivened and cheered, as most men are by such a prospect, I was rather gloomy and thoughtful, and gave me much information about the surrounding region.

Upon reaching Rucker's camp we found the owner absent, and it took us an hour or more to find him and the herd of sheep he was herding. He detained us longer to tell about the bears and panthers that annoyed his sheep than the time consumed in bargaining for his wool and making the necessary arrangements for shipping it to us. When we got back to the public house he was late to return, yet he said, unless I traveled after dark, and to this I objected on account of the gold.

The landlord said he could give me a straw bed, adding, "You see, the place is new, and we have nothing better for ourselves."

I was willing to take the bed, and so turned my horse over to the half breed to take care of for the night. Just before supper two more travelers rode up and desired to stop.

"Rooms are pretty scarce, as you can see, but we can feed you as well as not," said the host.

The man, like myself, were not particular as to beds, so remained for the night. They were rather talkative, and I overheard them ask the landlord my name and business. My suspicions were easily aroused, and I noticed that they seemed interested in me and the holsters I guarded so closely. As we left the dining room one of them said, "Mighty keener of yer holsters, stranger. You must have struck it rich in the diggings."

I made some evasive reply. During the evening Bill, the half breed, came into the barroom two or three times, and the last time I noticed that he secretly beckoned to me to go out of the room. Waiting till he was alone I managed to follow him without attracting attention.

On reaching the middle of the wide, dusty road he stopped, approached me closely, and said, "You see two men come on horseback?"

I nodded in reply. He continued: "One a bad man; he rob stage and go to prison. Now he come back."

"A stage robber?" I echoed. "Yes," was the answer; "five years ago he rob the stage and sent to prison. Maybe he think no one knows he's free. I remember. I tell you and tell the boss, so you look out for him."

I thanked the fellow and rewarded him in a substantial manner, for the warning was of value to me. On returning to the barroom I now watched the two strangers with considerable attention. There was nothing of the ruffian about either, and I would have thought nothing more about them than any of the teamsters that stopped at the hotel for the night had it not been for the half breed's caution.

As the host lighted me to my room he told me that the Indian had said to him, and warned me to be on my guard. Determined to be on the safe side, I pulled my bed against the door when I retired for the night and securely fastened the only window.

I slept soundly till past midnight, when I was awakened by a movement of the bed. It appeared as though some one was slowly opening the door, and casting the bed to more across the floor.

I reached under the pillow, firmly grasped one of my pistols, and awaited developments. Inch by inch I could feel the bed move slowly over the floor. My senses were stimulated by the excitement of the moment, and I could hear the breathing of the would-be robber. The door was now sufficiently open to admit the thief. Thinking to capture him, I sat up in bed waiting for him to approach.

It was too dark to distinguish his form, but I could tell his position from his deep breathing as he slowly and cautiously approached the head of the bed. At that instant I raised my pistol and cried, "Stop, or I will fire!"

Quick as a flash he sprang for the door, and I fired at the same instant. He gave a cry of pain, but continued his flight. I jumped from my bed, rushed to the door and shot again at the retreating figure. The ball evidently missed him, for he did not stop his mad race, and the next moment we heard the swift galling of a couple of horses.

The horses were in instant uproar. Men came rushing from their rooms, each one crying aloud as to the cause of the shooting. The explanation was brief, but it took an hour or more to quell the excitement, and I am certain but few slept during the remainder of the night. It was plain that the two strangers had made their preparations and had their horses near by. Had they been successful in obtaining my gold, they would have disappeared in the night. When day gave us light, spots of blood were visible upon the hall floor and on the stairs, but a search for some distance along the road revealed nothing of the robbers, so it was evident that my shot had not been a serious one. Trusting that I had seen the last of my assailants, I mounted my horse after breakfast and pursued my journey. My route lay for some miles through a most picturesque and scenic region. Volcanic rocks rose abruptly from the hillsides, assuming the forms of temples and towers. Here I fancied I could trace a ruined fortress, and there a mass covered arch or massive gateway. Absorbed in detecting these fancied resemblances to the most noted creations of man, I had ridden for a mile or more without seeing or hearing anything to break the silence. As I was about to make a loud report rang out, my horse plunged violently and a second later fell to the ground, carrying me with him. "We have him!" shouted a voice that I recognized as belonging to the man who had asked me about the holsters the night before. I lay upon my side, with my right leg under the animal. The two men, each with a gun in his hand, ran toward me from behind a neighboring rock. My situation was most critical. I was pinned to the earth and unable to move. Luckily my hands were free and I could reach one of the pistols in my holsters. Determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, I jerked the revolver loose, raised myself slightly and fired at the robber nearest to me. The ball struck him in the hand and caused him to drop the gun. With an oath he sprang back, and the two sought shelter behind a rock. I was still in imminent danger, for they could make a detour and approach me in such a manner that I should be at their mercy. I raised my pistol and my shot took but a fraction of a moment, so that both were over ere the death struggles of my animal ended. In these he partly raised himself from my leg, and as his body was between me and the man nearest to me, I was enabled to leap from the ground and assume a crouching position. I ran to the further end of the ledge, hoping to get a shot at him. I was disappointed, for he was still hidden from sight. I saw that by crawling up the hill a short distance I could gain the protection of a second rock. This I instantly did, and my momentary fear that they would make a dash for the gold, which was still upon my horse. They evidently did not realize that I had moved from the rock near the dead animal and were afraid to venture. Reaching the second ledge I found to my surprise that the man who had been hidden behind a fallen tree was at last within sight of them. They were crouching on the ground behind a low ledge, each peering around the end of it, intently watching the spot where they had seen me disappear. Though it seemed an age, it had really only been a couple of minutes since their first shot was fired at me, and they were evidently waiting till they could tell whether I was injured or not. I instantly raised my pistol, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the man who was holding the gun, killing him instantly. The other with a cry of rage seized the rifle and fired three shots at me in quick succession. The bullets whistled near me, and one of them struck the log behind which I lay. This was so small that I dared not raise my head to get a return shot. I therefore turned around, still keeping flat on the ground, and crawled back some distance. The tree in falling had struck an old log upon the ground and broken in two. Where the two crossed each other was a space under the broken tree through which I could see my adversary. I rapidly cleared the earth away until I could get a shot at him. He had run up some rocks, and now stood partially behind a small rock, intently watching the point where he had last seen me. Just as I reached the pistol beneath the log he moved quickly, but I fired, and knocked the gun from his hand. I instantly sprang up, crying, "Another move and I will kill you." He turned and attempted to gain the protection of the nearest ledge. As he whirled around I fired again and he fell. I rushed upon him, but he was on his feet again, and he caught the rifle. I fired once more, breaking his wounded arm and causing him to let fall the gun. I exclaimed, "Stop, before I kill you!" Instead of complying he answered fiercely, "I will cut your throat out," and sprang toward me with a bowie knife in his right hand. By this time he was within reach, and made a savage thrust at me with the knife. I sprang aside in time to avoid the blow, as he on the trigger. No shot replied to the pistol was empty! My only chance was at close quarters, and catching my revolver by the muzzle I struck him a blow on the head, at the same time receiving a slight cut in the shoulder. He fell at my feet, and before he could move I sprang upon him, kicked the knife from his hand, and caught up the rifle he had dropped in the fight. He cried, "Hold! I give up; don't murder me." "Is still, then," I said, "and don't move." I now ran to my dead animal, pulled the holsters from the saddle, pushed the empty revolver into them, and took out

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Absorbed in detecting these fancied resemblances to the most noted creations of man, I had ridden for a mile or more without seeing or hearing anything to break the silence. As I was about to make a loud report rang out, my horse plunged violently and a second later fell to the ground, carrying me with him. "We have him!" shouted a voice that I recognized as belonging to the man who had asked me about the holsters the night before.

I lay upon my side, with my right leg under the animal. The two men, each with a gun in his hand, ran toward me from behind a neighboring rock. My situation was most critical. I was pinned to the earth and unable to move. Luckily my hands were free and I could reach one of the pistols in my holsters. Determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, I jerked the revolver loose, raised myself slightly and fired at the robber nearest to me.

The ball struck him in the hand and caused him to drop the gun. With an oath he sprang back, and the two sought shelter behind a rock. I was still in imminent danger, for they could make a detour and approach me in such a manner that I should be at their mercy. I raised my pistol and my shot took but a fraction of a moment, so that both were over ere the death struggles of my animal ended. In these he partly raised himself from my leg, and as his body was between me and the man nearest to me, I was enabled to leap from the ground and assume a crouching position. I ran to the further end of the ledge, hoping to get a shot at him. I was disappointed, for he was still hidden from sight. I saw that by crawling up the hill a short distance I could gain the protection of a second rock. This I instantly did, and my momentary fear that they would make a dash for the gold, which was still upon my horse.

They evidently did not realize that I had moved from the rock near the dead animal and were afraid to venture. Reaching the second ledge I found to my surprise that the man who had been hidden behind a fallen tree was at last within sight of them. They were crouching on the ground behind a low ledge, each peering around the end of it, intently watching the spot where they had seen me disappear. Though it seemed an age, it had really only been a couple of minutes since their first shot was fired at me, and they were evidently waiting till they could tell whether I was injured or not.

I instantly raised my pistol, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the man who was holding the gun, killing him instantly. The other with a cry of rage seized the rifle and fired three shots at me in quick succession. The bullets whistled near me, and one of them struck the log behind which I lay. This was so small that I dared not raise my head to get a return shot. I therefore turned around, still keeping flat on the ground, and crawled back some distance. The tree in falling had struck an old log upon the ground and broken in two. Where the two crossed each other was a space under the broken tree through which I could see my adversary.

I rapidly cleared the earth away until I could get a shot at him. He had run up some rocks, and now stood partially behind a small rock, intently watching the point where he had last seen me. Just as I reached the pistol beneath the log he moved quickly, but I fired, and knocked the gun from his hand. I instantly sprang up, crying, "Another move and I will kill you."

He turned and attempted to gain the protection of the nearest ledge. As he whirled around I fired again and he fell. I rushed upon him, but he was on his feet again, and he caught the rifle. I fired once more, breaking his wounded arm and causing him to let fall the gun. I exclaimed, "Stop, before I kill you!"

Instead of complying he answered fiercely, "I will cut your throat out," and sprang toward me with a bowie knife in his right hand. By this time he was within reach, and made a savage thrust at me with the knife.

I sprang aside in time to avoid the blow, as he on the trigger. No shot replied to the pistol was empty! My only chance was at close quarters, and catching my revolver by the muzzle I struck him a blow on the head, at the same time receiving a slight cut in the shoulder. He fell at my feet, and before he could move I sprang upon him, kicked the knife from his hand, and caught up the rifle he had dropped in the fight.

He cried, "Hold! I give up; don't murder me." "Is still, then," I said, "and don't move." I now ran to my dead animal, pulled the holsters from the saddle, pushed the empty revolver into them, and took out

the loaded one. Then I said, "Get up, now." He was a pitiable looking object, and I saw from the look in his eyes that he had been twice wounded—once in the hand and again in the arm—while my blow on his head had cut an ugly gash from which the blood trickled down over his face. I took my handkerchief and made a bandage for his arm, and by twisting it tightly with a stick managed to stop the blood. I now bade the fellow go ahead, and taking my holsters in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, I obliged him to walk in front of me back to the inn where we had stopped the night before. Of the excitement there caused by our appearance I need not speak. The nearest justice of the peace was sent for, a coroner's jury impaneled, and the state taken down. I was exonerated from all blame, the body of the man I killed was buried, and in the course of a few weeks his wounded companion was sentenced to a long term in prison.—S. S. Boynton in Overland.

DEATH COMES PAINLESSLY. A Scientific Opinion That Will Be Consoling to All Who Die. The signs of impending death are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed an unrecorded one of the precursive signs of death. It was the account of the death of Falstaff the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bedclothes, are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold; a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there